ASTORIA WRITER'S CLUB TRIP TO DEAD MAN'S Hollow,

NORTH HEAD LIGHTHOUSE AND CAPE DISAPPOINTMENT.

On Steamer "Irene" August 7, 1927.

The boat was scheduled to leave the 14th. Street Dock promptly at 7:30 Sunday morning. However the Rhodes and Mathison parties were a few minutes late--the Mathisons having the official "orchestra" with them, "Buck" Buchanon, who was in charge of the party, decided to wait a few minutes for their arrival, though the members of the excursion were all "rearin to go".

The party was made up of members of the Writer's Club, their families and friends and the Angora Club, the local Hiker's Club, fifty-three in number. Some gathered to the front of the boat and some rode aft; others gathered atop the deck and some crowded into the Captain's cabin, which was very small. There were baskets, bundles, boxes, and knapsacks, bathing suits and what-nots, such as might be expected to be found on an all day picnic. Captain Larson, was sole owner, Captain, Purser, Engineer and deck-hand of the "Irene" but at all times during the trip occupied his station at the wheel.

The morning was a bit hazy and the pessimists thought we might even have rain during the day, but Mrs. Rhodes persistantly clung to it that we would have sunshine. The trip across was rather quiet; no doubt because everyone was more or less sleepy having made such an early Sunday rising. Passing closely as we did to Sand Island, many of us learned for the first time that it really was an Island and not a strip of Sand subject to being covered by water at high tides. There actually are a number of buildings on it and trees and possibly other vegetation. Great quantities of drift wood would be the old fashioned housewife's keen delight---no need to worry about wood--just reach out anywhere and help yourself. Quite a number of large fish barges were moored to the Island, the names "Burke","Sanborn", C.R.P.A. "Tallant Cash" and so forth. The "Tallant Cash" sign was the one which interested us most and was interpreted thusly---meaning that the Tallant Cannery would pay the Fishermen cash, thereby expecting of course to receive fish at a low price--lower than the rest.

Great posts with set-nets were here and there, numbered. Buoys bobbed up and down but other than that we had the river to ourselves at that early hour in the morning. As we approached the Washington shore the water churned from the rear of the boat, indicating that it was shallow. Mrs. Bell, better known as "Polly" (not of the circus) volunteeted the cheerful information that once a party stmmck bottom, were marooned there and had to stay all night, waiting for the tide to take them off. When these same young people reached home they were so hungry and cold they ate everything they could lay their hands on. Someone ventured that should such a fate befall us on our return, that we might be cold but not hungry with the quantities of food that had been lugged along.

At about 9 A.M. our little boat was tied to the landing at Fort Canby and everyone assisted carefully up the plank and lined up with orders from the President, Mr. Buchanen, to halt. As the names were called off each one came forward, thus being introduced to the others. "Pay-up" was next in order and Mr. Hustwick of the Angora Club was announced as the official Guide and Man-in-charge-of-the-coffeepot. Miss "Elsie" was to bring up the rear and see that no sheep strayed from the fold and so we proceeded on our way to Dead Man's Cove about a mile or more from the landing. So we were informed but I do believe it was about three miles for Mother decided to go and it did seem quite a trip for her tho' we lagged behind and took our time. The trip took us through some of the deserted camp villages, where Uncle Sam's men, during the war, had done some intensive training under some rather lonely times. It seemed a shame that these fine buildings, located so beautifully, should remain unoccupied and neglected, gradually going to wreck and ruin. From the camp we followed an old railroad, quite overgrown with brush, but interesting nevertheless. After reaching the clearing where we could see North Head and the Coves in the distance, we wended our way over the sands, mostly soft sand and tiresome to walk in.

Mr. Mathison informed us that six years ago when he had visited the Coves with the Angora Club, all these coves were under water, that is the Ocean was over the entire space and it was very difficult to make the trip for one had to get around between breakers. There were great quantities of drift wood and a number of pretty yellow flowers and some odd looking little green plants as well as strawberry plants straggling over the sand. In some places the sand had drifted high and a jagged rock here and there with interesting flowers and greens broke the otherwise desert-looking sands.

Reaching our destination, or rather our first destination, the Cove proper, the rest of the party were already preparing great long tables and building a bon-fire for the coffee-pot and generally inspecting everything. Esther, Anna, Hilja and Mother and I were the slow ones at the rear, with Elsie trying to urge us on. A Miss Junti and another lady were in company with our noble Rear-Guide or I fear she would have had a most uninteresting time of it. We simply could not go fast for Mother and I was so pleased to have her make the trip that I did not mind poking. In fact Esther and I inspected every blade of grass, flower, strange looking pieces of wood, bugs etc.etc. and found everything so interesting that many pros and cons were advanced from time to time. We had very little to carry, in fact Esther was the only one who carried anything of weight--her basket had weenies, buns and fruit. I sometimes releaved her and we found a cane for Mother to assist herself with as she refused absolutely to have anyone take her arm.

After strolling about the beach and watching others climb about the rocks we came back to the bonfire and cooked our weenies and prepared our lunches. It was decided that we eat before we climb to the light house as the hour was then eleven A.M. All who could gathered about the large tables prepared with huge planks from the sands. Such quantities of food as

adorned the tables, sandwitches of all sorts and description; salads, fried chicken, pickles, fruits, cakes, and cookies. The big coffee pot was popular and the coffee delicious, with Borden's best and sugar to sweeton. We shared and we "swapped" and we ate until we could hardly move. Mr. Mathison had gone swimming and almost lost out on the coffee as did some others who had dipped into the surf and climbed around the rocks. When all had finished and rested a bit we started for the top.

Mother remained in Camp to guard the food----and eight black crows sat patiently on the hill, hoping she would depart too.

It took only a short time to reach the top and the view from beyond the Light House was beautiful tho' the sun could not seem to break through the clouds. A large Ocean going Steamer came to view and numbers of small fishing boats could be seen in the distance at the mouth of the Columbia.

When about to leave, Mr. McNamara photographed the entire party, along side of the Light House. It was then learned that we would be permitted to enter the Light House, so 27 at a time climbed to the top and viewed the inside of the tower. It's light shines for a distance of sixty miles and the construction of this light is most interesting. The Captain or Light House Keeper explained it's operation and we circled the outside before going back down where all registered in the big book.

A few of us returned to camp ahead of the others and found that while Mother was making a trip to the waterfalls for water, said Black crows who sat patiently on the hill above our camp, swooped down to make a feast of whatever they could find. However, they did not get much, for Mr. Buchanen had warned us to put away our lunches that the "birds would get everything if we didn't."

Another rest of an hour while some bathed and some read and others visited etc., and we packed up and started back to the boat. Quite a number took the beach route, but our little group returned the old way, finding a new path which was easier and quicker, so after all we came out ahead of the rest of the party.

Another pot of coffee was brewed on the beach near the boat landing and again ~~the~~ great quantities of lunch were brought out and devoured, thereby making bundles much lighter and stomachs much fuller. The E.B.Hughes Organ (a small portable) which was borrowed for the occasion was brought out and Miss Wedekin played and a group gathered around to sing. Just then the whistle blew and we had to pack and hurry to the boat. All aboard at 6 o'clock wessettled down again for some music. Miss Wedekin proved an artist and all joined in singing old and popular tunes. Mr. Buchanen and Mr, Hildebrand tolds bits of history about the Columbia River, naming various points and all declared they had had a wonderful time.

We docked at Astoria at 7:30 an entirely happy but slightly tired crowd of 53 human beings----no dogs. The President of the Writer's Club announced we would go again next year. I am sure we shall all look forward to it with pleasure.